

Red River Prospector.

RED RIVER. - - NEW MEXICO.

TINTYPES MAY PREVARICATE.

Seacoast and Foreign Labels Stamped on the Covers.

When the tintype man came out with the pictures he asked the young couple what address they would like stamped on the red paper cover. They didn't seem to understand the question and he repeated it. "I can put on any place you like," he added. "I am provided with rubber stamps, with which I can stamp the name of every town of importance from Coney Island to Constantinople, and I can fill in the date to suit my customers. Here is my local stamp. It says, 'In Old Coney Island.' I don't use that, however, nearly so often as the seacoast and foreign labels. They come in handy for people who like to put up a bluff that they have been further away from home than they really have. These social frauds are a little late in beginning their deception this year, owing to the backwardness of the season, but today has brought a rush of business and the Long Branch and Atlantic City stamps have been overworked. The outlook is good for an unusually large crop of pretenders who are going to make their friends think they have been away this summer. To back them up in their assertions they are going to lay in a good supply of tintypes. For the last two or three seasons people who leave New York for a day or a week or a month of the year have made a practice of getting their pictures taken in every town visited, as a souvenir of the trip. All this photographing would be expensive if high class artists were always patronized, so in order to curtail the cost the ambitious travelers look up the tintype men. This habit of economy has been a blessing to me as well as to the stay-at-homes. A regular photograph would bear the name of the artist as well as the address, and thus make deception impossible, but most tintypes look alike, no matter where taken, so all I have to do is to finish the picture and stamp on any address desired. In that respect I am the best friend of the impecunious. It isn't everybody who would take the trouble to humor their foibles, but I go on the practice that a man, who has not enough amiability to accommodate his customers has no right to be in business, and so I help them whenever and however possible. What place did you say? Coney Island or—The maid looked at the man sheepishly. "Let's put it New Haven," she said. "That will sound better than Coney Island."—New York Press.

LINCOLN'S AVENGER.

Some Stories Illustrating Boston Corbett's Impulsiveness and Courage.

Sallie Bruner Houston tells the Smith County (Kan.) Pioneer a curious story of how she received the news of the assassination of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley. She was 4 years old at the date of the assassination of Lincoln, but she remembers that when the news came to her father's farmhouse she "leaned up against the big fireplace and cried," while her mother "wiped her own eyes with her apron." Of the assassination of Garfield Mrs. Houston relates this story: "At that time we were living on our farm six miles south of Concordia, this state. Several of the family, including myself, were sitting in the yard with Boston Corbett, the man who shot the assassin of Lincoln. At that time Corbett lived on a farm near us. While we sat there my father came from town and brought the news of the shooting of President Garfield. Every one who remembers Corbett remembers his impulsive nature. He was quick as a cat. The news seemed to electrify him. He jumped to his feet, saying: 'I wish I were there.' We all knew what he meant. There would have been no trial for Galtzau. All who ever knew Boston Corbett knew that he would have shot Galtzau on the spot had he seen there. It was about this time that Corbett was arrested on complaint of some of his neighbors for some petty offense and taken to Concordia for trial before a justice of the peace. He thought that he was not getting justice, so he drew his ever-ready revolver and ordered them out and then cleared the courtroom. He then mounted his little black pony and went home. There was a great deal of talk of having him rearrested, and several persons went to his home to do so, but did not have the courage to do so. As they always returned without him, the case was finally dropped."

Honors Easy.

She—"You know, John, you promised me a sealskin wrap and—" He—"And you promised to keep my stockings darned, and you haven't done it." She—"Well, you don't mean to say you'll break your promise on that account?" He—"Well, it's just like this; You don't give a darn, and I don't give a wrap."—Philadelphia Press.

Compressed Air.

The latest application of compressed air to human comfort is seen in a barber's shop in New York. At each of the barber's stands there is a small rubber tube with a screw nozzle. The tubes connect with a large tank filled with compressed air in the rear of the shop. When the barber finishes shaving a customer he attaches the ? ? ?

Christian Pound of Flesh.

Hunger is said to have caused the latest Chinese uprising, and there is sure to be more of it before the Christian powers get their pound of flesh.—Detroit News.

A Great Scientist

World Honors Prof. Rudolph Virchow.

Throughout the German empire great fetes were recently held in honor of the 80th birthday anniversary of Prof. Rudolph Virchow, the greatest scientist perhaps living. And not only in Germany was the event celebrated. Here in the United States, in Argentina and distant Australia, in all of continental Europe and in England, in South American countries and in far-off Japan celebrations were held in honor of the celebrated physician, who has added so much to the medical knowledge of the world.

An authority in treating of Virchow says: "So much has he done, and so thoroughly has he done it, that it is difficult for this generation to apprehend the full magnitude of his work. Open a book of medicine, and especially any volume on pathology, composed, it matters not much where, before Virchow began his observations and compare it with one composed with the light of his endless investi-

gations to guide the author; a veritable revolution in conceptions and terminology has taken place; at every turn you read: 'All that is understood since Virchow wrote,' or words to that effect, and you are referred to the multifarious 'epoch-making' articles scattered through many professional and technical periodicals."

Professor Virchow was born in Pomerania in 1821 and was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1843. Four years later he was a regular lecturer there. In 1849 he received a call to the chair of pathological anatomy at Wurzburg, a position which he held until 1856, when by the unanimous vote of the faculty he was recommended for and received the appointment which he still holds—namely, professor of pathological anatomy at Berlin. Prior to leaving Berlin he formed in 1847 his celebrated "Archiv," which is regarded as the greatest storehouse of facts in scientific medicine possessed by the world today.



PROF. RUDOLPH VIRCHOW.

BIRDS AND THEIR SONGS

Some Feathered Creatures Are Adepts in the Art of Ventriloquism.

Naturalists who have made an especial study of birds and their habits declare that many of these creatures have the gift of ventriloquism highly developed. They use their power to a good effect because by it they are often enabled to mislead their enemies, although ornithologists say they do so unconsciously, because often when the birds resort to ventriloquism to throw their pursuers off their track silence would have served the purpose much better. The pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, has this power to a remarkable degree, as its tone when produced but a few rods from the listener often has the effect of a sound originating nearly a mile distant. The little bird known as the Maryland yellow throat, which lives in low, bushy swamps during the summer, shows considerable ability as a ventriloquist, and during the nesting season makes use of the power as a protection—though apparently an unnecessary one, for the rest of this species is generally so carefully hidden from sight that it is almost impossible to find it. When a person approaches the vicinity of its nest, though probably within a few feet of the intruder, it will throw its voice back and forth so realistically that it is almost impossible to locate the bird. Many of the ground birds have a peculiar habit of throwing their voices upward so that they appear to come from tree tops. Both the blue-winged and Tennessee warblers, which are strictly ground birds, constantly do this, though the best illustration is that exemplified in the song of the winter wren.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE M'KINLEYS IN IRELAND.

Ancestral Home of Our Late Martyred President Still Stands.

There is still standing near the town of Coleraine in county Antrim, Ireland, the ancestral residence of the McKinley family, whose greatest representative is our third Presidential martyr, who now sleeps in Westlawn cemetery, Canton.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, when James, son of Mary Stuart, became the Queen of England, he confiscated six counties in the province of Ulster, Ireland, bestowing the land upon Scotch favorites and political retainers. At this time the McKinleys entered Ireland and settled on lands near Coleraine. The McKinleys, like the bulk of the Scotch settlers, were of the Presbyterian faith and were thus persecuted by the ascendant party. Later, owing to trade restrictions in favor of British manufacturers,

many of them had their sources of income cut off and these conditions led to emigration on an extended scale. In 1728 3,100 of them came to this country, settling in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Carolina. The McKinley family was represented in this tide of emigration and settled in York county, Pa. One of them, David, who was the great-grandfather of the late President, fought in the revolutionary war. Later he removed to Ohio and here the father of the late President was born.

But the McKinley homestead in Ireland was not deserted and it continued in the possession of the family until a comparatively recent period. In 1798 a member of the family was shot for his share in the rebellion of that time. The execution place was the main square in the town of Coleraine.

The family homestead as it appears to-day is a plain one-story farmhouse, with thatched roof and whitewashed walls. The interior furnishings are indicative of the primitive lives still led by the people in many parts of Ireland. The open fireplace, with pots suspended from the crane; the old spinning wheel and the churn worked by hand, these show the primitiveness of rural conditions.

Li Hung Chang's Joke.

A salutation of respect in China, says Mr. Barrett, ex-minister to Siam, is to comment on the mature and even venerable appearance of one's guest. When Mr. Barrett called officially on Li Hung Chang he was accompanied by a prominent missionary, a man 89 years of age, with white hair and beard, who was to serve as interpreter. Unknown to Mr. Barrett, the missionary and the Chinaman had had a falling out some years before. Li came into the reception room, saluted Mr. Barrett cordially, and bowed stiffly to the patriarchal interpreter. To the youthful minister the premier said: "I congratulate you, sir, on your venerable mien," and then, nodding toward the octogenarian, he asked: "And is this your son?"

Puget Sound as a Shipping Point.

Late figures of the foreign shipping, clearing and arriving at the two ports show Puget Sound to be rapidly outstripping San Francisco as a foreign shipping point. During the month of June, 1901, there were cleared from Puget Sound sailing cargoes amounting to 28,225 tons, as against 27,822 tons for the same month last year. During the same month there were cleared from San Francisco sailing cargoes amounting to 27,479 tons, as against 40,474 tons for the same month in 1900.



Pictorial Humor



FOOTBALL THOUGHTS.



Miss Cutting—Do you play Offenbach?
Cholly Hotair—No, not often; I have played "fullback" once or twice but I usually play "end."

JOKES FROM JUDGE.

Mrs. Waggle—I met the doctor today and told him about your malaria. He said you were to take some whisky every time you had the chills.

Waggle—All right, my dear. I'll thank for the drinks.

First chorus girl—What do you suppose persuaded Sadie to marry that young brewer? He hasn't much money.

Second chorus girl—Maybe not. But, you know, one has to begin at the bottom of the ladder.

"An' did O'Brien have a good wake?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan.

"Did he?" replied Mulligan. "Sure, an' if he'd been alive to enjoy it he'd a thought he was havin' the toime of his life."

Mrs. Wellment—Ain't you ashamed to be begging for a living?

Weary Willie—Not a bit, mum, I wuz educated fer de ministry.

Miss Vassar—Do you chew gum?

Miss Wellesley—Yes, I eschew it.

If a man has insomnia he is seldom troubled with nightmare.

If a baby is a well-spring of pleasure twins must be a deluge.

SHE LOVED FICTION.



Agent—Madam, I have here a complete history of—

Housewife—No, I don't think—

Agent—And the Memoirs of Moses comes—

Housewife—Never mind, I say, I—

Agent—Or I can let you have this beautiful story entitled "Spilby," portraying the life of a faithful domestic who dwelt for 15 days in the home of a New Jersey family, and—

Housewife (eagerly)—I'll take that; I just love fiction.

WOULDN'T SEE HIM.



He—Ded broke is a mean chap.

She—Why?

He—The doctor told him he was losing his eyesight, so he came around and asked me for \$20 until he saw me again.

In the Sunny South.

"Why, Brother Dickey, I hardly knew you, you're looking so young and spry! What's up now?"

"Well, suh, I studiyin' 'bout gittin' married ergin'-dat's all!"

"Getting married?"

"Yes, suh, I made de 'quaintance er a young gal 't'er day, en she 'lowed dat ef I'd shave off my gray whiskers, en chop off de hair what on my head, en stop limp' wld de rheumatism, en wear cloze what come out de sto', en smoke se-gars 'stidder pipe, en stop preachin' 'gin dancin', en secure my life in her favor fer one hundred dollars, she'd marry me. Dat how come I look so young!"

A Biased Opinion.

"I am very much inclined," said Col. Stillwell, "to the belief that total abstinence ought to be encouraged."

"I am surprised to hear you say that."

"Well, it has just occurred to me that if the demand for spirituous beverages were not so large the cost might become a little more reasonable."—Washington Star.

Stopping the Music.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley used to come and serenade me for hours every night. So at last I married him." "Dear me!" rejoined Miss Cayenne, "did he sing so badly as all that?"—Washington Star.

Once Again.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going milking, sir," she said. "May I go long?" he asked of her. "There's one calf there already, sir."

EXPECTED TO EXCHANGE IT.



Customer—I want to buy an umbrella.

Dealer—Yes, sir; something for about five dollars?

Customer—No; something about one dollar. I'm going to a party.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Guest—What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this. Little Willie (son of the host)—We don't either.

The camel can go two weeks without taking a drink, but it would make some men hump themselves to abstain for two days.

Kind Lady—Why are you crying, little boy? Little Boy—Cox maw jis made a example out o' me fer my little brother's sake.

Information Wanted.

Miss Citybred—What are those queer looking animals? Farmer Hayrix—They are the cows that supply us with milk and cream. Miss Citybred—Oh, are they? And where are the cows that give the beef tea?—Chicago News.

Not Sympathetic.

Seldum Fadd—Honestly, boss, I don't know where me next meal is comin' from.—Citizen (gruffly)—Neither do I! It is certainly not comin' from me!